

6-1-1882

Letter from Mary Clemmer, 1882-06-01, Washington D.C., to Anne Whitney

Mary Clemmer

Wellesley College Archives

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only my first and
strongest impressions -
It is not necessary for
me ^[to] say - That I held
it with the deepest interest
of but for the two reasons:
It was of a woman by a
woman.

And yet we dare do-
not wholly give up
the writing ^{of books} - There is
something in your touch
that is not quite in
any other American wo-
man's - This here, I will
not attempt to analyze it.
But our literature needs
it, - more than ever it
seems to me, just now.

Believe me to be dear
Anne Whitney -
Your sincere friend
Mary Sumner

[H. Martineau]

134 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE,

CAPITOL HILL,

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

June 1 '82

Dear Anne Whitney:

Thank
you for your book which
has just reached me. I am
surprised that it comes
back so entirely an old
friend as it does - I
find I know it better
than I knew.

My own copy must have
been lost - I have not
seen it for years - which
is not strange after various
pilgrimages - But
I wish this copy had
reached me sooner, -

soon enough for me to
have quoted in my
letter in to day's Independent — The two long conceal
lines.

"Think of the ^{heart} beggar in the
Think what the silent stars
have known"

When these lines first
impressed me, how much
less was life to me — than
it is now — I never
forgot them, nor did
I, it seems wholly
remember them.

Now when I turned to this
I was astonished that
the first line had
escaped me ever for
a time, — for I recollect
now often and often I
had repeated it to
myself — It is

one of my mental defects
to be rarely able to repeat
recalled thought word
for word —

I feel an artistic sorrow
that I was unable to
quote your two lines
in my Independent letter.

The whole letter was
written in extreme haste
while I was on the wing
in New York. — It had
to be written thus, to
catch that week's issue
of the Independent.
Of course probably have
written much more
intuitively and suggesting
of your statue, — Could
I have looked upon it
longer, — or have written
of it at my leisure — as
it was I could find